

THE CLAIMS
OF
PHILANTHROPY:
AN ADDRESS,

BY
REV. C. K. MARSHALL, A. M.,

DELIVERED AT

JACKSON, LA., JULY 30th, A. D. 1856,

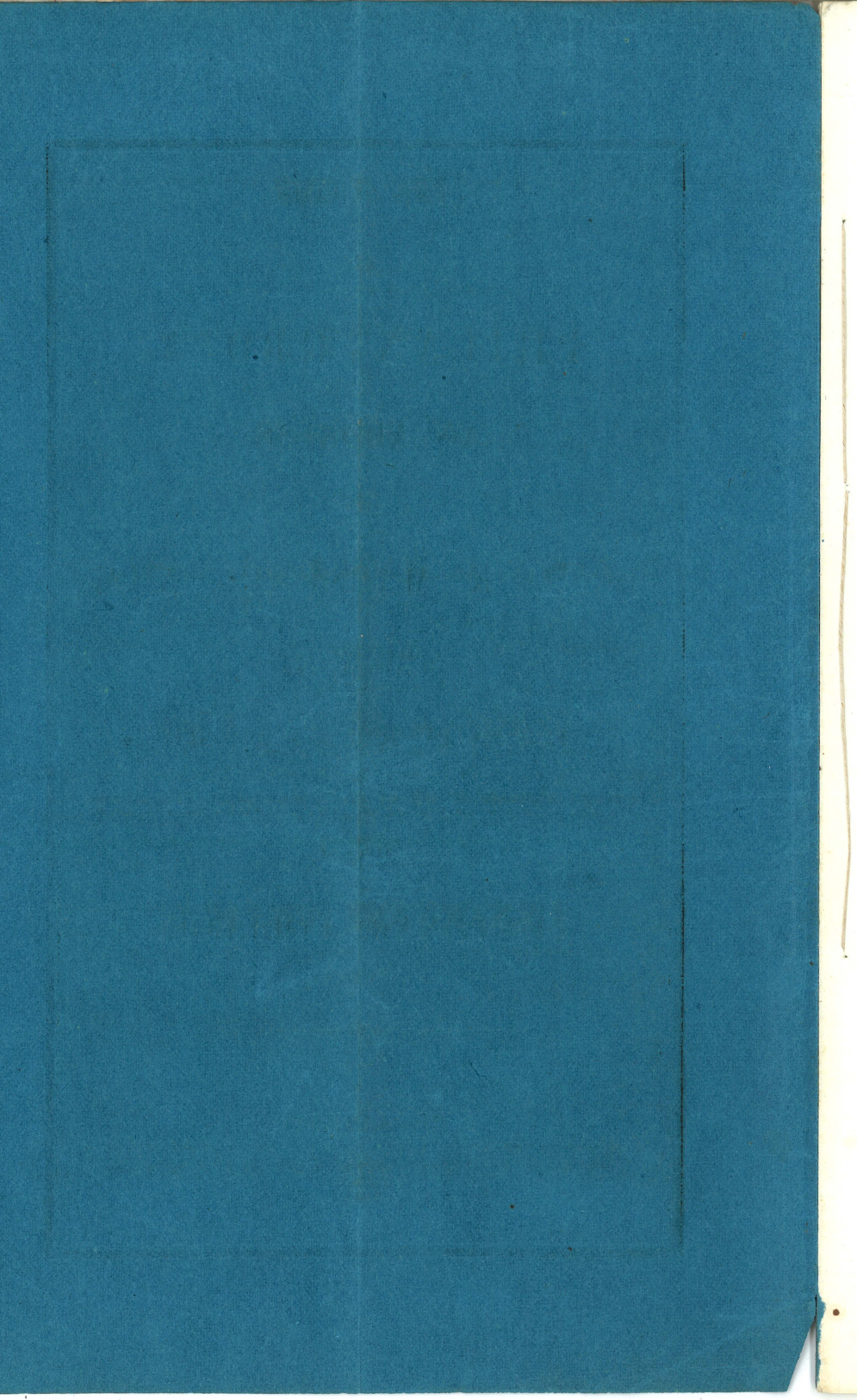
On the occasion of laying the Corner Stone of the new
edifice of

CENTENARY COLLEGE.

VICKSBURG:

PRINTED AT THE AMERICAN TIMES BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.





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CORRESPONDENCE.

JACKSON, LA., July 30th, 1856.

Rev. C. K. Marshall: Dear Sir.—I was requested by the Trustees of Centenary College, to put the following resolution to the large assembly who listened to your interesting Address to-day, on the laying of the corner stone of the new Centre Building of the College. It was carried by acclamation.

Resolved, That the Rev. C. K. Marshall be requested to furnish a copy of the able Address which he delivered to-day, for publication.

In complying with the above request, you will much oblige the Board of Trustees, promote the interests of education, and confer a favor on

Yours truly and sincerely,

B. M. DRAKE,

Pres. of the Board.

JACKSON, LA., July 31st, 1856.

Dear Sir: Your note, containing the resolution asking for my Address, delivered on yesterday, for publication, is before me; and I submit it in obedience to the call of the resolution, and your own gratifying wish to have it published.

You will perceive that it was intended throughout as an appeal to the young. But no one can fail to see that it was not intended for the press. It may prove a memento to many youthful friends who heard it, and I may hope will be of some service to them. Owing to the fatiguing services which preceded its delivery, I was induced to pass over an occasional page, but have furnished it as written.

Respectfully, yours,

C. K. MARSHALL.

REV. B. M. DRAKE, D. D.,
President of the Board of Trustees.

ADDRESS.

MY FAIR COUNTRY WOMEN AND CITIZENS:

We have assembled here to day to inaugurate a new era in the progress of home Education, and the history of Centenary College. We have come to rear a monument as a grateful testimonial to the noble founders of this Institution. We have come to lay upon the altar of our country, and our country's God, a fresh, and we fain would hope an acceptable offering, as an act of homage and worship; and an humble effort to elevate, improve and bless the rising race. If the antecedents of an Institution may be regarded as the accredited Prophets of its future, the record of your history offers no uncertain or feeble testimony, upon which to repose the fullest and calmest reliance that Centenary College will always contribute a large and liberal share to the glorious cause it represents, and stand up, in its own good time, amongst the mighty educational instrumentalities of our country, without a superior; though, as we fondly hope, with increasing numbers of emulous and noble rivals.

And yet, no ivy creeps over turrets and towers, hoary with age, through which the winds of past centuries, in their unrest, repeat their solemn anthems; nor do architectural chronicles point to forgotten epochs, as the period of your origin. when roving bands of masons and builders reared, in the old world, moss-covered castles, schools and monasteries. We have sat down with a multitude of venerable sires who had gathered to the anniversary festivities of their Alma Mater, and heard them, in eloquent, though tremulous accents, recall the scenes of more than half a century, when college life was theirs, and youthful companions, on whose brows the radiant light of manly mind once gave promise of long life and large usefulness, stood side by side with them, to take the honors their toils had won, and glancing over the thinned circle of early friends, dropped tears upon the sods that long had grown upon their graves.

The age of your school does not call together Alumni so venerable, nor register their names in voluminous catalogues. And yet, you may contemplate their numbers, character and positions, in the active, stirring world, with pride and satisfaction.

Nor is this all: though it is a source of great gratification to a benevolent spirit, to gather ripe and luscious fruit from trees planted with generous reference to posterity, there is another consideration of too much importance to pass unnoticed. It is the public esteem and confidence with which your Institution is honored by the Legislature and citizens of this State, and the earnest friends of Southern education in sister States. Without that confidence and esteem no School could flourish, however venerable with years, though its Faculty were the most distinguished, its professorships the best endowed, its libraries stored with the rarest treasures, its apparatus unequalled, its halls complete, and its dormitories and boarding commodious and satisfactory. If the heart of the public warms not with kindly appreciation towards it, if guardians and parents ban it with indifference or disesteem, the mantle of Nessus did not quicker blight the vital energies of the unfortunate wearer, than such a School would wither under influences so adverse. Thanks to Divine Providence, you have done much to merit, and I trust nothing to mar, a high and enduring appreciation in the intelligent public mind. Patrons, everywhere, congratulate you; statesmen bid you God speed; parents daily offer prayers for your success and usefulness; Southern sympathies throb with gratitude; generous hearts are gladdened by your triumph; flowing purses pour their contents into your treasury; and the chivalrous breast of Louisiana heaves with pride to wear upon her brow so priceless and magnificent a diadem. Thus far, all is well; and the clear voice of general approval peals along your pathway, "well done good and faithful servant." But, having done so well, the spirit of the times, the necessities of the country, the claims of duty, the obligations of philanthropy, require at your hands the occupancy of a wider field; the employment of larger measures; ampler provisions for the fulfillment of the great work in which you are engaged, and the full redemption of the pledges your brief history has made to a confiding public.

Obedient to these mandates, we have collected on this consecrated spot, to celebrate with becoming ceremonies the laying of the CORNER STONE of this new edifice—philanthropy's true monument, religion's grateful offering.

Here is a great work to be done, and the experience you have had as founders, as trustees, as a faculty of laborious teachers, as patrons, and as benevolent contributors to the improvement hitherto made greatly facilitate your present and future toils.

We invoke Divine Philanthropy! Its spirit brooded over your chaos; breathed life into your schemes; protected you in youthhood, and now comes to rear for you a superstructure that mocks the ambitious temples of Thebes, and humbles the pride of Palmyra's superstitious fanes.

Let us count it no lost time then to pause and commune with this sacred principle. It is active, elevating, God like! It is one of the

great main-springs of all worthy deeds. It leads men to seek their honor, happiness and heaven, to a great extent, in efforts to elevate the race, to improve the condition of mankind every way, physically, politically, socially, religiously. And as knowledge and goodness are the chief forces of the christian philosopher's reliance for the accomplishment of those ends, he uses them with unfaltering certainty of success. The physical progress of his time affords him a never failing source of joy, because he sees in every step of improvement the realization of the "good time" of which our forefathers sung, and for which they sighed. He rejoices that the arts and sciences are learning their real mission, and aiming to honor their Maker by blessing his creatures. Hence enlightened Philanthropy rejoices in the fresh discoveries of the sciences, the success of inventions, the triumphs of labor-saving machinery, improved methods of ocean navigation, and the augmentation of grain-growing facilities. She knows that a half sheltered, half-starved, half-washed, ragged, ignorant mass of population, is not only fit, but ready, for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

The bread of life is a lost loaf to him who has not the bread that perishes; and the waters of the river of life, an unappreciated draught to him on whom the waters of the rivulet are not permitted to perform their purifying offices; and the garment of Salvation is not often desired by one whose miserable rags would disfigure and defile the nest of a vulture. Nor will knowledge be loved and sought by those whose refuge and shelter is the cold rock, and whose primer and prayer book are the revolting slang of city sewers, and the infernal dialects of those festering hells in which their moral and mental degradation fits them to revel.

The wide-hearted and true man sees such open fields, and turns no deaf ear to their Macedonian cry—but over-leaping all the ramparts of selfishness, is only satisfied when, like the CHIEF of PHILANTHROPISTS, he is "going about doing good." But, as the field is the *world*, he sees how agencies become indispensable, that every blow struck may send a quivering impulse along all the lines of the vast work.

Consequently, his heart shares in all the movements of the lovers of liberty, and he would gladly place every man under a just and stable government, where "right, not might, shall rule the day."

In politics, therefore, he "knows no East, no West, no North, no South;" but fortifying himself with the immutable principles of truth and justice, "can take no step backwards," while he is so patriotic and virtuous that he would "*rather be right than be President*;" rather that posterity should ask "why was he *not* crowned? than why he *was*?" The anthem of such patriotism will ever be "Liberty and Union, one and inseperable, now and forever."

Political orthodoxy and virtue are regarded as invaluable also, because they reach and affect the social state in all its duties and securities. He sees in the social condition the elements of an

all-pervading conservatism, and considering it the nursery stronghold, and last refuge of all that is "pure, lovely and of good report," cherishes it with pious and patriotic solicitude.

In the fatherhood of God, he finds the bond of universal brotherhood in man, and catching the inspiration of the heaven-descended principle, he girdles the world with a zone of Howard-like sympathies and holy charities, more useful to the fellowship of sorrow and necessity, and more acceptable to God—

"Than spices of Araby the blest,
Or mountains of incense flaming to the skies."

To redeem man from barbarism—to place within his grasp the means of social elevation—to teach him the supreme value and renovating power of just laws, equal rights, moral purity, domestic tranquility, to impress him deeply with the law of kindness, the law of love, is a subject that employs the studies, awakens the energies, and fills the hands and hearts of the men of whom we speak.

True Philanthropy, with its serene eye, beholds the Father of all mercies ministering through myriads of avenues to his unworshipping and ungrateful children, who, scorning the mighty pinions of divine faith, seek only to rise, Icarus like, upon the waxen wings of an ill-regulated imagination; or, all ambitious and prone, crawl the vassals of pride and passion, through the debasing labyrinths of selfishness and pollution, working out their destruction with greediness. Then the depths of its mighty soul are stirred, and, constrained by fraternal love, speaks out in the gentle accents of a great affection, lays its sympathies and its energies on the altar of sacrifice, and longs to share the griefs and spoils, if it may also share the blessedness of those, who, "turning many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

Philanthropy knows not man in squads and tribes, isolated nationalities, and endless divisions, the fruitful progeny of geographical and accidental varieties, with creeds, signs and local distinctions; with cabalistic shibboleths of bigotry and exclusiveness, wrangling and wronging each other, because neither can tell how many thousand angels could camp on the point of the finest needle, pitching their tents and stacking their arms, without molesting each other; but it contemplates with sleepless solicitude the depth of possibilities respecting him, which underlie these infinitesimal controversies, seeks to rouse him to worthy living, and valuable accomplishments, and yoke his powers to the chariot wheels of the onward age.

Among the manifold characteristics of Philanthropy, is her utilitarianism. She believes in the divinity of labor, and rejoices that she commands cheerful hearts, nourished and seasoned by experience, and hands innumerable for the execution of her numerous tasks.

Would you see her in her working attire, and at her every day employment? You shall not see a Penelope, gracefully weaving a mantle from morning light till day is done, only to reverse her shuttle in the moon's cold beam, and unravel all the fabric her skill had wrought; but you shall see the gentlest and brotherliest of our race emulating each other in the noble strife of leaving, not merely "foot-prints on the sands of time," but the world made wiser, better, truer, more loving and more lovely—a superior home for man, a fitter abode for God.

It inspires the soul with the courage of a conquering zeal, and a readiness to do battle every day in some just and honorable employment, not caring how humble it be, if required by duty. It sends out the map, the compass, and chain, to open new fields of labor, prepare the way for the architect, employ the merchant, assist the manufacturer, stimulate industry, diversify employment, multiply the means of usefulness, and increase the comforts of the poor man's home.

Its triumphs bring far off countries into each others vicinity, making remote villages the suburbs of metropolitan cities, and markets for the products of the soil, and the handicraft, otherwise inaccessible, and gives to distant frontiers central positions.

You honor the man who grasps the elements of sound practical philosophy, and weaves them into a vital scheme for the development of trade, agriculture, the arts, and refinements of civilization. You see him as he goes forth, without the hope of *just reward*, self sacrificing and self-denying, and as he rouses up the slumbering energies of his fellow-citizens, you feel that there is irresistible force in his arguments, conquest in his "half battle words," strange power in his actions, and justice in his cause. You see him stand, like the ancient Prophet, in the heart of the valley of dry-bones. He raises his voice, and its eloquent call is heard throughout the length and breadth of the land. Its echoes are heard in the mountains, along the vales, it reverberates among the caves of rich ores, the vaults of Nature's own exchequer, where the bullion of her real wealth—the hoard of a thousand ages—impatiently awaits the drafts of honest labor, which can never be protested when endorsed by the true ring of the pick, the powder-blast, and the shovel.

They will all respond to his prophet voice. The bones will live. Each bone shall hasten to meet its brother bone, and sinew join with sinew, till a great army shall wheel up into ranks, full of life and power. Iron will come at the call; coals will join the procession; and lead, and copper, and zinc, and cedar, and stone; and living water will come, panting with impatience, to breathe the breath of life into the nostrils of a phalanx of Iron Giants!

The mandate is obeyed! The deed accomplished! Westward, ho! is the signal! They march in solid columns towards the setting

sun; who, amazed at the wonderful pageant, pauses on the horizon to await their arrival.

At the sound of their footsteps, humanity will rejoice, and civilization send up her shout of victory; the wilderness and solitary places shall be glad for them, and the desert rejoice and blossom like the rose. Ceres shall pour from the bosom of that forest soil the offerings of an affluent hand, while farms and homes spring up, and sweet children sport and play where now the panther screams, the wolf howls, and the serpent basks in the sun. The humble school house by the spring—an embryo university—with its groups of elemental sires, statesmen and philanthropists, each with his horn-book, or Helicon dipper, giving the lie to the trite, but truthless adage, "*a little learning is a dangerous thing*," shall cheer the heart of the traveler, and give hope to the soul of the christian. There Sabbaths shall spread their benign influences over a powerful population, and church going bells fill the holy hours with music as welcome and as sweet as angelic songs.

Our own time is fruitful of the best and worthiest virtues and noblest deeds; and I will select a few illustrations for my purpose, from this homely and unclassic period.

The hills and valleys have their great hearts and souls. But the dark and melancholy Sea inspires its sons with self-sacrificing heroism not inferior to that of the most exalted of human benefactors. Do we not clasp to our bosoms the magnanimous men, who, moved by duty to their country, and compassion for a brother in exile, cheerfully plunge into the howling wastes of Arctic winters, battling with crushing glaciers and ice-bergs of a thousand seasons, toiling midst privations and perils without a parallel, and with an inspired courage more than equal to Austerlitz or Waterloo? In them we witness the controlling power of virtuous and elevated principles, alike creditable to human nature and worthy the hand of God.

The sympathies of the civilized world were awakened by the womanly devotion of Lady Franklin, whose prayers armed the ships of the first nations, and wafted them to the "land of perpetual gloom," the Hades of navigators, where the prying explorer had gone, in obedience to his Queen, to consult the blind Tiresias. And while the history of those expeditions is worthy to be wrought into the loftiest epic, we are almost at a loss which most to admire, the fortitude, perseverance and piety of the affectionate wife, or the heroic gallantry, cool daring, and earnest philanthropy of KANE, our worthy countryman, who offered his life as a ransom for the lost Ulysses, yet has the sadness to know the sacrifice was not accepted.

But recently we have seen nations tremble with the shock of fierce and bloody collision; darkening heaven with the storm of devastating war, and filling the whole land with mourning, lamentation and woe. There every camp was a hospital, every litter a bier, and every serviceable soldier a sexton. Death strode the field a victor!

In that hour of infernal tempest, human agony, unmitigated suffering, wailing, anguish and death, every heart was thrilled with joy, and every eye upturned in tears of grateful homage, on beholding in their midst FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, England's daughter of Mercy! She appeared there like heaven's resplendent bow, bending its beams of hope and promise over the shambles of desolation and blood, as the messenger of God. Thither she went with the cup of consolation for the afflicted, the helpless, the dying: there she pressed it to their parched but thankful lips, and they blessed her in God's holy name. There she waited and served, with the cup still overflowing and exhaustless as the fountains of her own womanly heart, when thousands had drunk from its brimming stream. There she stood, all gentleness and love, the representative of solicitous mothers, wives and sisters innumerable, the beautiful, affecting and faithful bond of union between them and those suffering ones whom she blessed by her angelic kindness! There she ministered, the embodiment of humanity's sympathizing soul, all unconsciously to herself fulfilling the conditions of a chieftainess and a chaplet, more distinguished in the one, and more durable in the other, than it has fallen to the lot of any Crimean hero to achieve or to win; and all because it had been divinely averred, that "Whosoever will be CHIEF among you, let him be your *servant*, even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." By the couch of the dying soldier she watched through midnight hours, smoothing his pillow and beguiling his griefs with such kindness and care, as made him feel that the loved ones of his far-off home were near him. There she knelt in his final hour, and wafted his passing spirit to the bosom of his God on the pinions of holy prayer, then trimmed the morning star, and by its fading beams sought her own straw couch for an hour's repose.

God bless thee, noble woman! May angels guard thy steps, and Heaven repay thy toils. Good men shall call thee blessed; they shall enshrine thee in their hearts. Grateful mothers name their babes after thee; while poets weave that name as a golden thread into their songs, and historians know thee as the Howardess of the nineteenth century!

But the world-famed theatres of unavoidable publicity are not a thousandth part of the wide field where philanthropy pours out its blessings; therefore, who shall say that there were not throughout that vast lazaretto many brotherly companions who, all rude and unpromising to the eye, as the rock that rolled its silvery currents at the stroke of the Prophet's rod, were hourly performing the deeds of piety and loving kindness, which though unknown to the world, shine with imperishable lustre on the records of eternity.

For, it has ever been, that under the least propitious circumstances, persons of seemingly little promise, have quietly displayed all the affection and fortitude essential to make a philanthropic hero of most

enduring fame. Allow me to furnish an illustration: I refer to a rough fireman on the recently ill-fated steamer *ARCTIC*; who, when hundreds along the deck, frantic with terror, were bent, each on his own safety, forgetful of the general weal, stood calmly to the ship's gun, and bade its booming thunders tell some passing vessel the story of their perils, and pluck them, one and all, from the jaws of destruction. And when he could do no more, and the rising water throttled the last charge, washed out his last priming, and extinguished his match, clasped the hot gun in his arms—a fit companion for his grave—and, conscious of duty done, went bravely down with the sinking ship to the sleep of death! There was a life-time of heroic goodness abridged into that solemn and momentous hour!

Philanthropy called her noble son to that sublime post of duty—a post that demanded obedience without questioning—and self-oblivion without reserve. He met the demand; and history will redeem his humble name from obscurity, and deposit it among her rarest jewels. And when the great deep shall unbar its gates, and send out its armies of the mighty dead, and the earth yield its millions to the great tribunal, in obedience to the last trumpet, I had rather appear in that august Presence, with that faithful gun, still loaded and ready for service, in the humble character of Hollin Stewart, than to be able to present the life and account current of the sounding charities of Stephen Girard, or the biography and voluminous will of your own John McDonough!

Such, also, was another, an unknown, but brave old Tar, who met an emergency, and so tastefully and magnanimously filled its demands, that he showed how a

“Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket,
May beclothe the golden oar,
Of the deepest thought and feeling;
Satin vest could do no more.”

It was when a steamer exploded at the wharf of your Crescent City, and the air was filled with the fragments of human bodies rent assunder, which fell in every direction. As our sailor hurried to the scene, he saw, all quivering with life, the bleeding limb of a woman, with its garter and shoe still undisturbed. He paused on the spot, and covering the precious charge with his blue jacket—the symbol of his fidelity—stood fixed as its protector—a sentinel who would have honored the noblest trust. It was a little act, but it tested the man. It was a sailor's jacket, but I would rather have it for a winding sheet, than the shroud of Saladin, or the mantle of Cæsar!

My illustrations are not of the great, but humble, and incidental, and home. Who shall say our own age lacks the faith and the fortitude of heroic character? And doubtless all ages, more or less, have had their public and private benefactors. The imperfect records that have drifted to us from the olden time, have preserved the

memories of a few notable worthies, but could the noble deeds which never were recorded, have received embalmment, the past had been more luminous with the best types of humanity.

Cincinnatus, whose sun-burnt hand, long familiar with the grasp of plow-handles, felt itself as little taken by surprise at finding his fingers circling a sceptre, as if only instead of the sceptre he had taken up a hoe to till his corn and collards. His great name covers his era, and has long been the synonym of philanthropy. And yet, on the very day he unyoked and fed his oxen, and ascended the throne of the Empire, great deeds, perhaps, were done in his neighborhood by unknown names, more deserving of immortal mention, that were never told beyond the circle of their performance. And on the day when that noble philanthropist left the scenes of his triumphs, and walked back to his farm, leaving every foot-print radiant as beacons on the pathway of fame, there were fulfilled unheralded duties by maidens and matrons, within the walls of Rome, that once set, like jewels for an appreciating public eye, might have eclipsed the glory of the hardy old plowman forever!

May I not say, all honor to the great-hearted philanthropic spirits of our race? Whether they sway Senates, govern Republics, rule Empires, subjugate Oceans, search Arctic seas, renovate the wilderness, minister to the sick, teach the ignorant, multiply bread, stimulate commerce, give labor to the poor, defend the innocent, relieve the oppressed, battle like your own brave Howards the dragon winged pestilence, or show the path that leads the way to God.

Such men rise above their fellows, not by violence or fraud, nor by their wealth or office, but by virtue's patent; because, mind and heart are always superior to pence, shillings and pounds, to station, cunning and power; and such men become central sources of usefulness, and are, in a large sense, the bone, and sinew, and heart, and lungs of a village, a city, parish, state, or a nation. Such men are threads in the web of history, and its fabric would be imperfect did they not compose a part of it.

The biography of an eminent statesman is often the history of his age. And the generous and unrequited labors of a citizen in a less elevated sphere, may be so fraught with beneficial and lasting results as to elicit the warmest gratitude of his fellow-citizen and countrymen, are necessarily a part of the current history of his time. And when we go abroad to contemplate the condition of other lands, other States, other cities, it is deemed but a secondary matter to be shown the mines, the fields, the streams, of the one, or the public works, traversing webs of mighty railroads, stately buildings, or crowded wharfs of the other. We want to see MEN, public spirited men, the patriots, and the philanthropists; the fountains of sentiment, the sources of intellectuality, the prophets of the coming age—the friends of humanity.

But, here let me warn my young friends of a prevailing and most pernicious delusion, which has prevented thousands of persons from leading great and useful lives. They undervalue the lessons of the pains-taken coral, and lightly esteem the simple but sublime truth that "large streams from little fountains flow." No romance gathers its flattering halo around the obscure monotony of daily and noiseless duties. They are waiting till they can do something famous, folding their arms and waiting for some crisis to come along, in the vain hope of turning up its hero. They flatter themselves that their energies are too grand for minute detail, as though the trunk of an elephant that uproots a tree, could not rival a lady's fingers in gracefully picking up a straw. They find no field sufficiently ample for the display of their *remarkable* capacities. They must achieve heroic deeds or none. Nothing less than beheading a Medusa, like Perseus; destroying the Lernæan Hydra, and catching the golden horned Stag, like Hercules; or, with Theseus, destroyinig a Monster Minotaur; or, at least, they must visit Colchis with Jason, in pursuit of the golden-fleece.

But, they should remember that the hand which slew the Medusa had previously delivered Andromeda from the jaws of the sea monster in the dreary solitudes of the sea shore; and that the infant Hercules, in the absence of his nurse, had practiced his tiny fingers in the art of strangling serpents; and before Theseus conquered the monster of the labyrinth, he had learned to war with robbers of his own race, and drove them from the woods; and before the chieftain of the Argo won the dragon-guarded treasure, he had practiced his seamanship in many a cockle-shell along the perilous shores of the *Ægean Sea*.

This is true, also, of the emirvent and useful in every age. They have been distinguished for diligent attention, to little things, for minor virtues; and the rare events of their lives have been ushered upon our notice by the antecedents of a thousand apparently unimportant deeds.

Before the champion of a great internal improvement developed his plans, and enlisted the community in accelerating their completion, he had taken pleasure in improving the paths leading to the humble log school house, or the lowly temple of God, and the pupils of the one, and the worshippers of the other, alike boasted of him as their good neighbor and obliging friend. And long before a Nightingale soothed the woes of Sevastopol's slaughters, with her gentle tones and beneficent deeds, she had mitigated many a sorrow in the solitudes of her own neighborhood by the enchantment of her gentle voice, and the loving kindness of her tender sympathies. Nor can we doubt but that Hollin Stewart, as a brave and brotherly boy, had often foreshadowed the noble heart that throbbed with heroic impulses under his red shirt—a fitting winding-sheet for his manly form; and the old Tar, guarding like a

Roman soldier, his bleeding treasure, had been the true philanthropist in the home of his birth, and could never have grieved a mother's heart, nor caused the blush of shame to mantle on a sister's cheek. His heart was on the right side, made of the right material, and of the right size—reaching clear down to his fingers' ends.

Statesmen and rulers, who have proved benefactors of mankind, have been eminent, first for quiet but manly virtues. The sword of a conquering Cincinnatus graced his grasp, because it had been preceeded by the ax-helve, the plow handle and the pruning hook.

The illustrious sage of the West, proved worthy to sway Senates and conserve his country's fortunes; because, as the obscure mill-boy of the slashes, he had learned the true value and significance of humble duties. While young Jackson, in weeding his poor mother's little corn patch, was only making the preliminary arrangements for weeding Uncle Sam's palmetto patch, when Packenham, like Jonah's gourd, sprang up in a night, only to be mowed down at the noon by Old Hickory's braves, whose juvenile squirrel hunts had made them the deadliest shots in the world. So also of the greatest and the best.

Young WASHINGTON, in the forest, serving his country as a land surveyor, by industry, by integrity, by every manly virtue, while as yet no dream of a brilliant future disturbed his serene imagination, proved that the boy "was worthy to be father of the man," as the man proved worthy of the fatherhood of this great nation.

Gentlemen, the way to meet great events, great emergencies, is to work up to them. The "tide which taken at its flood, leads on to fortune," is made up of myriads of wavelets, neither of which, alone, could fill a lady's thimble. Yet thousands never recognize the "tide." They sit upon the beetling rock and await the return of the spent wave. A delusive hope sometimes springs in their breasts, as a rising billow flings the glare of a distant light upon their aching vision. Alas! it is but the stern light of a swiftly receding barque, which all unlike themselves, rebukes that supineness which chrystalizes their energies, and leaves them

"As idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean,"

The minute duties, usually composing the chief features of a noble character, they seem never to have apprehended.

Such persons have yet to learn that an event apparently as unimportant as the giving of a cup of cold water to a lowly disciple of Jesus, may become "the Thermopylae of a christian's conflict, the Marathon of a nation's being, or the turning point of everlasting life or everlasting death" to many an immortal spirit. For it is, and ever will be true, in the empire of mind and morals, as in material nature, that

"A drop of dew has warped the oak forever,
While many a pebble has turned a mighty river."

Woe, to the the thoughtless man, who "despises the day of small things." Especially will woe betide those who heed not little kindnesses and little words. Be it yours, then, to realize at least

"A sense of an earnest will
To help the lowly living,
And a terrible heart-thrill,
If you have no power of giving;
An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless;
Kind words, so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless;
The world is wide—these things are small,
They may be nothing—but they may be all."

Bear in mind, then, that the patient gathering of the little wisps of barley, with pains-taking Ruth, will inevitably lead to gleanings among the full grown and luxuriant sheaves, by virtue of authority from the Great Proprietor.

Here, I must also add, with the most solemn emphasis, and let liberally educated young men ever bear it in mind, that you must take a deep and heartfelt interest in all that concerns humanity. "I am a Man," said an ancient and noble spirit, "and nothing that relates to mankind, is alien to me." The seal-ring of every true spirit should be deeply graven with such a motto, and every deed of life its statuesque relief. And yet, you may not record your names among those which "were not born to die," nor leave commemorative marbles to perpetuate the grateful remembrance of brilliant achievements; or by eloquence or song, charm the Muse of History into a sense of obligation to hand down your names to other ages. Still, your countrymen have a right to require that those on whose souls have fallen the light of liberal science, and revealed Philosophy, should do something more than merely illustrate the pusillanimity and perils of selfishness, or with covetousness abuse, neglect or misapply the power for beneficence, which their educational labors have conferred upon you. Enlightened and good men will rejoice to see you plan and act liberally, in a spirit worthy the trusteeship of the legacies of a whole generation. They will rejoice to know that you sympathize with whatever is true, worthy and good, that you will sacredly regard those deep and far-reaching principles, which, though often unrecognized, or lost sight of by the heedless masses, involve the vital welfare and destinies of society. And remember that only thus will the inner man become possessed of a moral greatness, known and esteemed by the Infinite Father—the greatness of devotion in its sphere, however humble, of every capability to high and unselfish ends. For, it is not the prominence of one's position, but the principles which actuate him, that evolve virtuousness of character, and make true philanthropists. From those principles, if correct, will arise the mighty energy of self-sacrificing love imparting efficiency and resistlessness to its sway. And that love, itself, will

infuse into the soul a lofty courage, an unquenchable enthusiasm, a disgust for all that is sordid and mean, an abhorrence for all that is selfish and false. It will inspire the heart with sublime sentiments, enabling it to rise superior to weariness, or despondency, or fear, or pain, or passion, and steadfastly pursuing a great and worthy object, trample alike on the fascinating allurements of pleasure, and the embarrassments which repel from the path of duty.

And yet, I dare not say that the cherishing of these principles, and the fulfillment of every duty, will certainly ensure the respect of the people with, and for whom, you may live and labor. Perhaps it is best that it be so. So was it with the first and the CHIEF PHILANTHROPIST! Still, every true man must have his *to-day*, and his *to-morrow*.

Therefore, whether blamed or blest, misapprehended or regarded justly, the claims of manly responsibility still require the sacrifice of ease, pleasure, the prize of worldly aspiration, and the devotion of life's beautiful spring time, glowing summer, and sober autumn; and all along the pathway the garnered treasures of industry, of intellect, of great moral sensibility, must be dispensed; all unthankful and ungenerous though seem the partakers.

And be assured that he who disregards these obligations, and fastens himself, by force or fraud, on the vitals of the living age, like the deadly parasite to the green tree, shall at last be blighted and buried with the ritual of Jehoiakim, while insulted nature claims his hitherto useless bones for the impoverished soil, and chisels his epitaph in terms of unutterable aversion, as one

Who may have staid, but did not live,
Who all received, but would not give;
Creation's blot, creation's blank,
Whom none could love, and none could thank.

Gentlemen, may I add one more remark? I would say, then, that every man should seek to individualize himself, and stand out from the smooth surface of the idle multitude and the common place monotonies of life, in clear, sharp relief. No two men are exactly alike, however they may resemble. And if young men would study the advantage and the duty of being like themselves, and forming a character from within, not from the exterior, from the original promptings of thought and feeling, the elements of native power and aspiring virtue, not from the tame and automaton-like imitations which produces the too common sinking of all manliness to a level of insipid mediocrity, we should see a far greater number of well developed men, and every such man would carry with him a peculiar influence, and perform his own appropriate work. The secret of such individuality lies in the energy of the Will. The power of performance is always proportioned to the power of purpose. Nor can there ever be a great or a useful character formed where that force which is its main-spring, is wanting. To form valuable plans, to

undertake noble things, are duties we all owe to society. But, to secure their accomplishment, the energy that prompted them must preside over their progress, and urge on their fulfillment. Heed not the multitude. *Vox populi vox dei* is not true once in a life time. Would you be great, virtuous and good? Conquer yourself and bravely resist the world. To do mankind a real service, you must oppose them. But he who would successfully combat others, must first know how to rule his own spirit. Hence we urge the adoption of just principles, and the carrying out the spontaneous but well disciplined peculiarities of one's own manly nature. Such a one will carry others with the conviction that his method is just. He will stamp his seal upon the plastic souls around him; and if others agree not with him, they will honor his integrity and inflexible purpose of well doing. He will become an exemplar—not to be imitated, copied, but to be studied, and regarded as an exponent of the possibility of every man.

And thus a community, and eventually a nation, may become distinguished for its all-pervading, but virtuous Will. Let each individual be right, and the nation cannot be wrong. For each man is the epitome of a nation. Each man alone may, and should be, a representative man. Each man alone obedient to the voice of nature, and the Oracles of Truth, may be a reformer, a regenerator, a benefactor. But, as the floods of our "Inland Sea" come not from the Ocean or the Gulf, but from the valley brook, the hidden rivulet, the secret spring of the Western wilds, so not from the broad, open and tumultuous world can strength, fulness and power be obtained. Solitude is the true Alma Mater of great, useful and heroic character. There rise the living waters; there Silcah still winds its vital currents; and hard by are heard the gurgling fountains of Castalia.

I hope more, and fear more, from the men who, Romulus-like, have been nursed in the desert, the gloomy cave, the obscure retreat, the sombre study. Such were Moses, Daniel, John, the usher of Messiah, and John of Patmos, who closed and sealed the message of Revelation. Such were Aristides, the banished philanthropist, and Aristotle, the lordly spirit of the Lyceum, Bunyan in prison, Luther in the cloister, Calvin in the closet, Wesley in the wilderness of Georgia, Washington in his dreary forest exile, and the strange, despised prisoner of Ham, or lonely wanderer, who to-day holds the fortunes of the world in his gigantic grasp, while France bows in the madness of homage at his feet.

There is one field, however, of momentous demand and mighty toil, which we must not pass without honorable notice. Indeed, it is the land of golden ore. It is God's richest, loveliest field. It is the theatre of the most exalted labor and amplest rewards. That is the world's young mind, and heart yearning in its necessity for culture and knowledge. Could archangels obtain a furlough from

heavenly engagements, they might be ambitious of filling the office of Teachers, here in the very places deemed by many inferior to their rank and claims.

The obligation to educate the world's young nature, is by the great masses gracefully conceded, and with surprising facility effaced from the catalogue of daily duties. And yet, no higher calling, no more dignified office, no profession or pursuit of equal, or comparable importance, is known among us. But there must be many strides of progress made in virtue by the public, and much more light poured into its vision before the masses will be *able*, fairly able, to rise to the ability of such appreciation.

How little the listless thousands know of the acquirements, the self-sacrifice, the industry, the multifarious studies, the daily care, the watchful love, that compose the character of the true Teacher.

I make a broad distinction between the philanthropic Teacher, and the coarse school master who follows the calling from a sheer love of tyrannizing over somebody, who esteems his wig a crown, his ferule a sceptre, the rickety old chair he disgraces a throne, and the school he masters his empire. There he rules, and *fe-rules*; there he issues his decrees in tones as caustic as if his heart were filled with nitric acid. There he ceremoniously performs the task of at once defrauding the untaught pupils, and robbing their deceived and thoughtless parents, who vainly imagine that a school *master* is necessarily a SCHOOL TEACHER.

I also distinguish between the *school keeper* and the true Teacher. Many parents never perceive the difference till after the pupil has lost some years of the best part of his life, and some neither know it nor regard it at all. He fulfills all their wishes, if like a good Oily Drone, he can only manage to keep the children in. So that the pupils are kept from outright quarreling, and the *school keeper* keeps so many hours in the day, little do they care how they while away the weary hours together. And thousands of unworthy women who deplore the ill-fortune that made them mothers, thank their stars for the wonderful good luck that provided them a *dry-nurse* in the character of a *school keeper*!

I would not deem such false coin worthy to brush the shoes of the capable, hearty, honest, intelligent and persevering teacher—the maker of greatness, the moulder of manly character, the author of boundless happiness to the fathers and mothers of Christendom.

Such a teacher is among the greatest of men. He is the fit companion of Senators and Sovereigns, and without his offices there had been neither the one nor the other. We esteem and honor him, because he has learned to value and love the young mind and heart, and comprehends its ability of endlessly unfolding its astonishing powers. To him, the young pupil is a priceless and a glorious being. He penetrates the depths of his nature further than others. He is, consequently, able to comprehend its many sided powers, seize its

secret springs, and rouse them to harmonious and useful activity. He understands its assailable points, knows its tender susceptibilities, and is prepared to stereotype them into forms of grace and power, and prepare the youth for the battles of life.

Such a Teacher is a Christian Philanthropist. Consequently he will not feel that he has filled the measure of his responsibilities when Euclid folds the book, or when the learner has mastered "the last syllable of recorded Greek," nor when the voluminous authorship of all other knowledge has been explored; but he will consider the momentous interests of his immortality, and bearing him upward to the fount of saving truth court, not the swathing flame of Prometheus, but the Holy Spirit's baptism of refining fire, fitting him for an alliance with God and the amazing disclosures of his eternal kingdom.

And if Ministers of the gospel, as the most eminent Teachers, are less successful than their vocation would seem to justify, it is precisely because they neglect to bend and train the tender and elastic twig, and go forth to display their prowess in assailing hoary, gnarled and unwedgable oaks, which have defied a thousand thunderbolts, and a thousand blasts. If the tree may be trained, it is the sapling, not the sturdy sire. If the Ethiopian can be blanched, it must be before age has set the stain; fixed the color. If the spots of the leopard may be erased, it must be done before he leaves the lair of his dam, and taking up the common vanity of weak and guilty spirits, displays the defacements of pollution as the badges of decoration, and the evidences of criminality as the regalia of independence.

No time, nor language can do justice to the true and faithful Teachers, who, *laboring TO TEACH* lessons of WISDOM and TRUTH, have laid the foundation of most lasting fame, and conferred upon mankind the richest blessings they enjoy. Homer, Job, Moses, Aristotle, Thucydides, Plato, Paul, Chrysostom, Calvin, Luther and Wesley, were all eminent Teachers.

And the value of true authorship is measured by the same rule, so that every book from the *Illiad*—to *Hiawatha*—that has not been a school book in some important feature, either for the young, or *the less young*, has been, or will be, doomed to oblivion as surely as if it had been consumed in the barbarian holocaust of the Calif Omar.

But, we shall insist that the success and usefulness of our Teachers depend very much upon the energetic and faithful co-operation of the friends of education, and the beneficiaries of their labors.

It is the duty and the pleasure of munificent hands to rear suitable buildings, provide appropriate apparatus, and found permanent endowments. Here, then, is the spot. This is the shrine, and this the auspicious day for offering our cheerful gifts to the wants of learning, the Spirit of Christian Philanthropy, and the increasing necessities of the generations yet to come.

I said, at the beginning, that we had come to rear this noble structure as an offering to our country, and our country's God, and also as a grateful testimonial to the distinguished founders of Centenary College.

Alas! some of them who were untiring in zeal and self-sacrificing in love, are already gone from your circle; and the whitening locks and wasted frames, and health impaired by long years of devouring toil, with the certitude of the lengthening shadow on the dial, tell us of that swiftly coming hour when those who still linger with us shall also sink below the horizon, and our future years rely on other guides. Let the Monument go up! We have laid its Corner Stone, and concealed a few gems in its dark and silent breast—memorials of our own time. They will never be seen again by any one now alive, and the eyes that next look upon, and hands that handle them, when this edifice shall be taken down to rear a nobler successor in its place, will perhaps be born hundreds of years from this glad day!

Benefactors of Centenary College, your works are approved and appreciated. You have done much. A cheering liberality has been displayed, truthful pledges given, and hopes aroused not to be disappointed.

All that has preceeded prepares the way for the future, and will make that easy and agreeable which otherwise might prove irksome and annoying. The Institution was a Centennial thank offering to God, for the blessings of a hundred years on our wide-spread and beloved Church. It is the child of Christian Philanthropy. That heaven-born principle quickened it into being when it hung midway between a thought and a fact. The inspirations of Philanthropy moulded it into an incarnate form, and ordained it to fill a mission worthy of the age, and the immortal trusts confided to its sacred keeping. The original conception was a pious one; the progress thus far has been a labour of devoted love, and this splendid additional improvement attests your growing zeal and unabated generosity.

I saw you bear this Institution upon your shoulders in its infancy, with a step as elastic, and a smile as bright as were Milo's when he bore away the young calf like a thistle-down upon his brawny arm. And now, by the horns and hoofs of Milo's bullock grown, I entreat you neither stagger nor chafe beneath the precious, though growing burden. If the Ox has attained a size and power that Osiris might have coveted, so have your hearts and capabilities been enlarged; so, also, have your necessities been multiplied. The country has grown, the demand for Southern Institutions and home education increased, and thank Providence your ability to shoulder the glorious enterprise has kept up with the times.

Good friends, shoulder the noble bullock! A manly estimate of your enterprise shall lighten the load. The zeal of Christian Philanthropy shall guarantee your success. Posterity shall honor your

memories and the gratitude of thousands of patrons and students attest the value of your work. The chivalrous heart of the South will throb with increasing energy and life, and the blessing of the ever blessed God honor your fidelity to the sacred trust.

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EXPENSES.

TUITION, per Session of ten months.....	\$50 00
ROOM RENT.....	5 00
COTINGENCIES	3 00
USE OF LIBRARY.....	3 00

Total of College charges.....\$61 00

TUITION, per Session, in the Preparatory Department.....	\$40 00
CONTINGENCIES	3 00

Total.....\$43 00

Other charges the same as in College. In addition to the regular charges, a martrication fee of \$5 is paid by each student on first becoming a member of any regular College Class. College charges must be paid semi-annually in advance.

Board and washing can be had at the Steward's Hall or in private families, for from \$12 to \$15 per month.

EXPENSES

TRITION, per Session of ten months.....	\$200 00
ROOM RENT.....	2 00
CONTINGENCES.....	3 00
USE OF LIBRARY.....	3 00
Total of College charges.....	\$208 00
TRITION, per Session, in the Preparatory Department.....	\$10 00
CONTINGENCES.....	3 00
Total.....	\$218 00

Other charges the same as in College. In addition to the regular charges, a matriculation fee of \$5 is paid by each student on first becoming a member of any regular College Class. College charges must be paid semi-annually in advance.

Board and washing can be had at the Steward's Hall or in private families, for from \$12 to \$15 per month.

NOTE.

The ceremonies of laying the Corner Stone were original, imposing and beautiful, and although disappointed in not securing the services of the Masonic Craft for the work, no one could doubt but the programme and entire services were never better arranged or conducted on a similar occasion.

The Corner Stone was to be raised up about fourteen feet from the ground, so as to fill a niche, and conform to the tasteful design of the architect. The first story of the building was completed, but no proper occasion had justified a work of this sort until commencement, when every one who wished to visit the place could do so; and never was a larger gathering of the people seen in Louisiana on any similar day.

The services had been opened with prayer by Rev. D. J. Allen, of Holly Springs, Miss. Addresses had been delivered by several members of the graduating class, and the hour for the services of laying the Stone had arrived, when Rev. Mr. Marshall was introduced to the assembly, and proceeded to deliver, "in substance," to use own terms, the following brief address.

The Rev. B. M. Drake, D. D., President of the Board of Trustees, then presented the several articles which had been prepared by the Faculty and Trustees of the College, to be placed within the Stone, and accompanied the presentation with one of the most eloquent and striking, though brief addresses, we have ever had the pleasure of listening to.

In receiving the offerings, Mr. Marshall responded in his own felicitous and telling manner, which closed that part of the proceeding. Then each of the Literary Societies and other Associations connected with the College, by their chosen representatives, proceeded to present their tributes, each with an eloquent and pertinent address, to each of which the Rev. Orator, catching their own fire, replied in appriate and thrilling words. There were about six or seven addresses, and when they were ended, the Architect proceeded to raise the Stone slowly up to its place; and as it ascended, the multitude sang an anthem, composed for the occasion, by Miss Pakenham, of the Feliciana Institute, and never did Old Hundred sound more lofty and solemn, never seemed the people more truly to enter into its deep and majestic spirit.

The Orator, the Architect and the Builder, then ascended to the platform, and with a brief service, completed the work and placed the Stone in position. Descending from the platform, Mr. Marshall addressed the Architect and the Builder in words so much to the purpose, and so just, that we dare not attempt to recall them, lest we should do injustice to all concerned.

A few moments of respite then followed, when the Address on the "CLAIMS OF PHILANTHROPY" was delivered by the Rev. Gentleman who had conducted the ceremonies of the preceding hour; and it is due to him to acknowledge that the programme and arrangement of the ceremonies were prepared by him, to save the occasion from the possibility of a failure, after the Free Masons found they could not oblige the Trustees by performing the work in accordance with their usages.

It was the design of the Trustees to obtain and publish all the addresses delivered in connection with the ceremonies, but after losing some weeks, and making unavailing trials, they are compelled to omit them. They could not all be obtained, and therefore are all omitted save the following, which some Masons, taking offence at, is published to show that they were "ahead of the music," and to exonerate Mr. Marshall, who is a Mason, from the unjust complaint made against him.

INTRODUCTORY SPEECH
OF
REV. C. K. MARSHALL,
ON LAYING THE
CORNER STONE
OF THE
CENTRE BUILDING OF CENTENARY COLLEGE,
JULY, 1856.

FRIENDS OF LITERATURE AND GENTLEMEN OF THE
FACULTY AND BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

This occasion is one of no ordinary import. Commencement day is the great Sabbath of College life. To many young gentlemen connected with this Institution, this is one of the most momentous days of their being. For years they have awaited its coming with mingled emotions of hope and fear; and from the distant future they will look back upon its joy-lit summit as one of the most memorable of all the days of the past. To the friends of home education, it is a day fraught with hopes and hallowed with prayers, which renders it sacred to them.

In addition to the ordinary duties of this day, we have collected on this spot to lay the Corner Stone of the splendid superstructure, the gradually rising walls of which arrest your attention, and fill your breast with emotions of profound satisfaction. The spirit with which the enterprise goes on, and the imposing aspect which the work already presents, give cheering earnest of the pleasure the benefactors and the builders who are carrying forward the plan; the professors and teachers who shall occupy its halls, and the pupils and patrons will enjoy when, not the corner, but the cope-stone, shall come to its place with "shoutings of grace unto it." Every philanthropic spirit, every liberal and enlightened mind must rejoice, especially at this crisis in our national affairs, to witness such a day and service as this. It is a day of conquests; a day of the mighty

rousing of the people for the establishment of their own schools, and shall be swiftly followed by many other days and doings of a similar kind.

Men feel assured to-day, in this assembly, that the cause of home education in the largest sense, is fixed among the inevitabilities of Providence. And come what may, with His blessing, the business of learning is deemed so first-rate in importance that its solemn work can never be ignored or slighted on this soil again. Never did this College see a brighter day than this. The day of small things has not been dispised, consequently the day of noble things is now upon you. The future of your career must be upward and onward, and Centenary take rank with the best educational agencies of the land.

While we gaze upon the older buildings with their outstretched arms, ready to clasp in the fellowship of perpetual union, this imposing Temple, we can but rejoice that the original design, made nearly thirty years ago, is now, by unexpected hands, being carried out, and every thing essential in room and arrangements about to be realized, to make this an Institution inferior to none in the whole land.

This new edifice is not only a fresh pledge to the cause of learning, but in a large and appropriate sense a Temple reared to God, His service and worship; for all diligent study, all efforts to acquire knowledge, are but other forms of rendering homage and praise to Heaven when the heart is enlisted in His service. Well may it cheer our hearts to see its fair proportions rise; well may it awaken pleasing emotions to contemplate its speedy completion, and the important facilities its ample plans will give to the work you have to do.

The services of this moment are peculiarly interesting. This day, this hour, has been set apart for laying the Corner Stone in conformity to a time-honored usage, when buildings of great importance or public utility were to be constructed. Precisely when and with whom the custom originated, we are unable to tell. The corner stones of Egyptian pyramids may possibly hold the secret in their unexplored repositories.

The Masonic Fraternity holds some interesting reminiscences which have been saved from the waves of the elder time, under which lie, irrecoverably lost, so many valuable treasures, but nothing which can definitely settle this question. That Fraternity is familiar with the laying of ordinary corner stones, and the committee of arrangements at one time contemplated, with much gratification, its assistance and ceremonies in laying this Stone. But, with characteristic frankness, they acknowledged that they were not equal to the task. This is the only corner of this building deemed fit and proper to receive the symbolic stone, but we find the Masons bound to ignore all corners except that of the North-East. With them, it must be there or nowhere; with us, unfortunately, like "point no point" to a traveler on our Inland Sea, the North-East angle of this structure is

corner no corner; place no place; altogether nearer "nowhere" than any other possible spot where we could deposit this beautiful marble ark with the gems and treasures with which it will soon be stored. We all regret it. As a Mason, I could but realize a great disappointment. Still, Masonry has done, and can do noble things; chide her not if she cannot do everything. The declination by that Order is most trying to me, because it imposes a large amount of labor on me, and takes me altogether by surprise.

That labor, however, is relieved by the pleasure I enjoy on being able to command the resources and assistance, in the present services, of a society far more ancient, more venerable, distinguished and immutable than that of the Masonic Fraternity. I refer to the *Abrahami Filiorum antiqua fraternitas*. This venerable Fraternity was founded by the Patriarch Abraham, the father of the faithful, and the "friend of God." With so illustrious a founder, the Washington of his age, it is not to be wondered at that a long line of the most distinguished worthies should have perpetuated its existence, maintained its ritual, and gloried in the *faith* which cements and binds the brotherhood to this day, wherever its doctrines have been embraced.*

Abraham was a builder. On one occasion he reared an altar on Mount Moriah. The precise form of the structure we cannot certainly declare. But, as an humble member of the Fraternity, I will take leave to presume that it was circular, because the annulus or ring, was in that day used as a symbol of the Deity, and the altar was erected as an act of homage to the True God. If circle-shaped, it had no Masonic corner. Consequently the officers and members of our Fraternity are bound to respect alike all points of the compass. That altar was built on a mountain summit. We have selected this beautiful elevation for ours, and we place the Corner Stone higher up on the superstructure than is the custom of our younger kinsman.

We have the authority of an imposing precedent, and we hope that all fair-minded Free Masons will congratulate us on the superior advantages and distinction we possess and enjoy; for we would not have them for a moment suppose we would honor their Fraternity less, but as in duty bound, the *Abrahami Filiorum antiqua fraternitas* more. And while we so honor our higher Fraternity, we rejoice to know that thousands of the brightest Masons have been initiated into its more sublime and more enlightened mysteries.

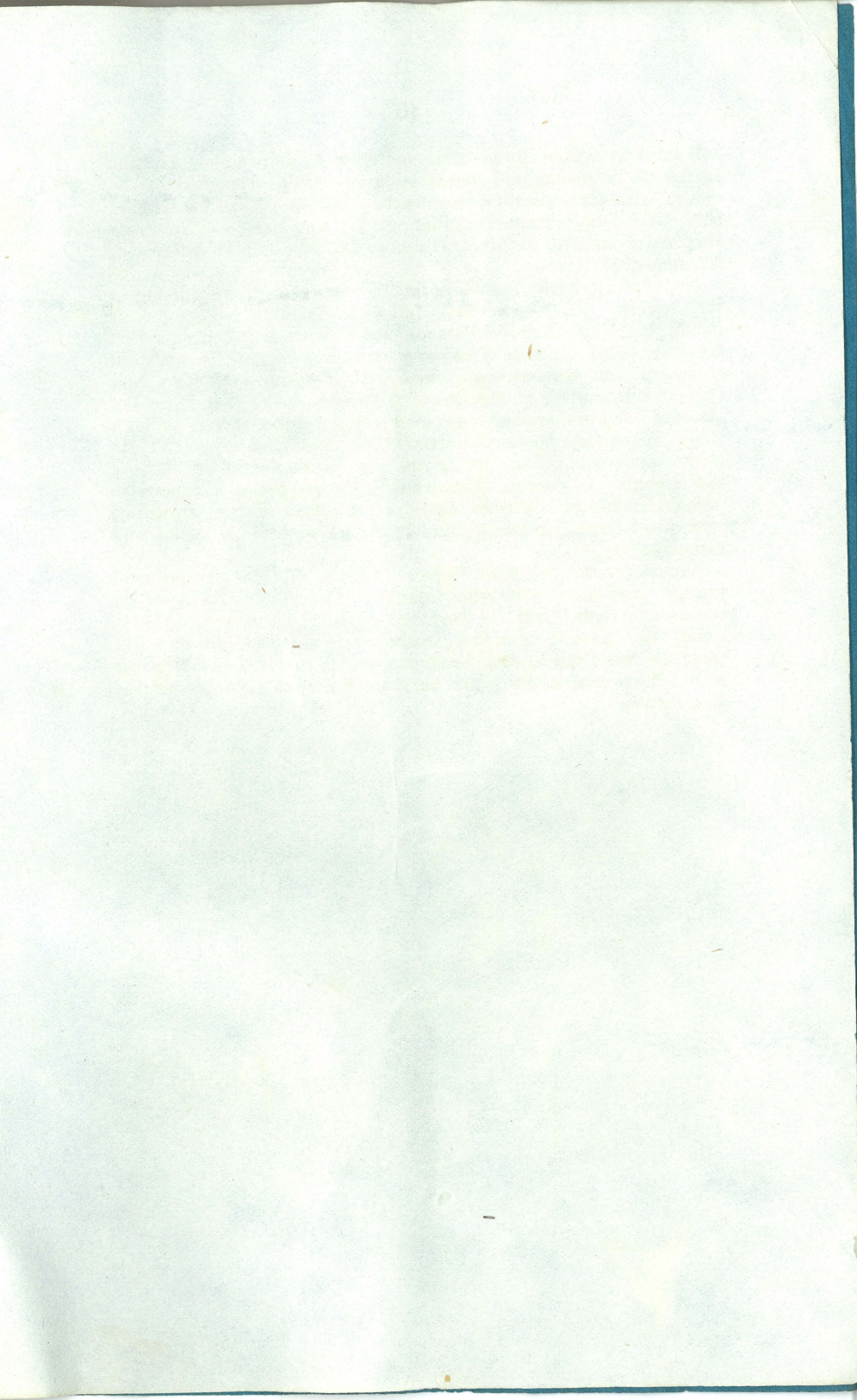
The past, the present, the future, all belong to us. From remote and dusty centuries, through all their eventful fortunes, amidst the conflict of nations, the rise and fall of empires, the growth and decay of cities, at the building and consecration of sacred temples, this Fraternity has been present, by its representatives, to take a part

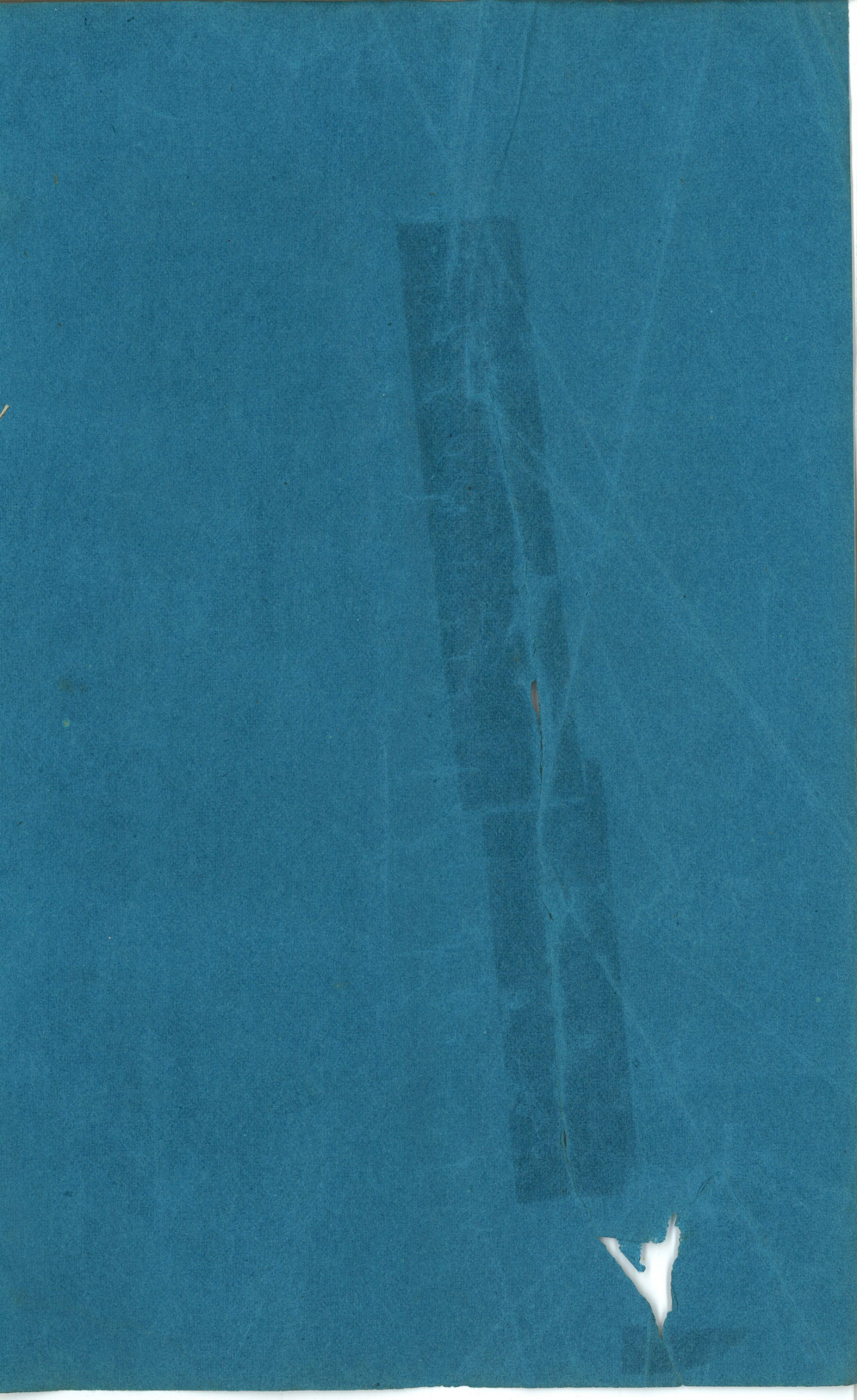
* This is an allusion to the Church: see Romans, 4 ch. and 16 vs. Also, Galations, 3 ch. and 29 vs.

and exert its benign, humanizing and religious influences. And the record of its history and deeds is in characters composed of the noblest structures, devoted to science, philanthropy and divine worship. This day witnesses similar offices, and future generations shall never want for faithful brethren to execute the high behests of the venerable Order.

Nor shall its worthy members fail of honorable promotion and a just reward. They shall have full and ennobling labor for their hands, peace for their consciences, and exhaustless supplies of food for the growing demands of the ever expanding mind. The faithful student of our mysteries will meet with histories and biographies fraught with curious phenomena of friendship, love and heroism; of virtuous deeds and philanthropic labors, under circumstances and of a character the most remarkable ever known since time began. Their employments will be adapted to the peculiarities of an industrious and dignified fellowship, than which none are better calculated to unfold the character, impress upon it the image of true greatness, strengthen moral obligation, and open the way for a useful and honorable life.

At a future day we shall "open the door" for the reception of worthy applicants from the inferior "Fraternities" who are in pursuit of "more light." May the spirit of this Abrahamic Fraternity ever preside over this Institution, reign through its halls, cheer its dormitories, and bless the young hearts that shall throb within these apartments when ours are pulseless and cold in the silent grave.





Cell 4

P. 4

1856

